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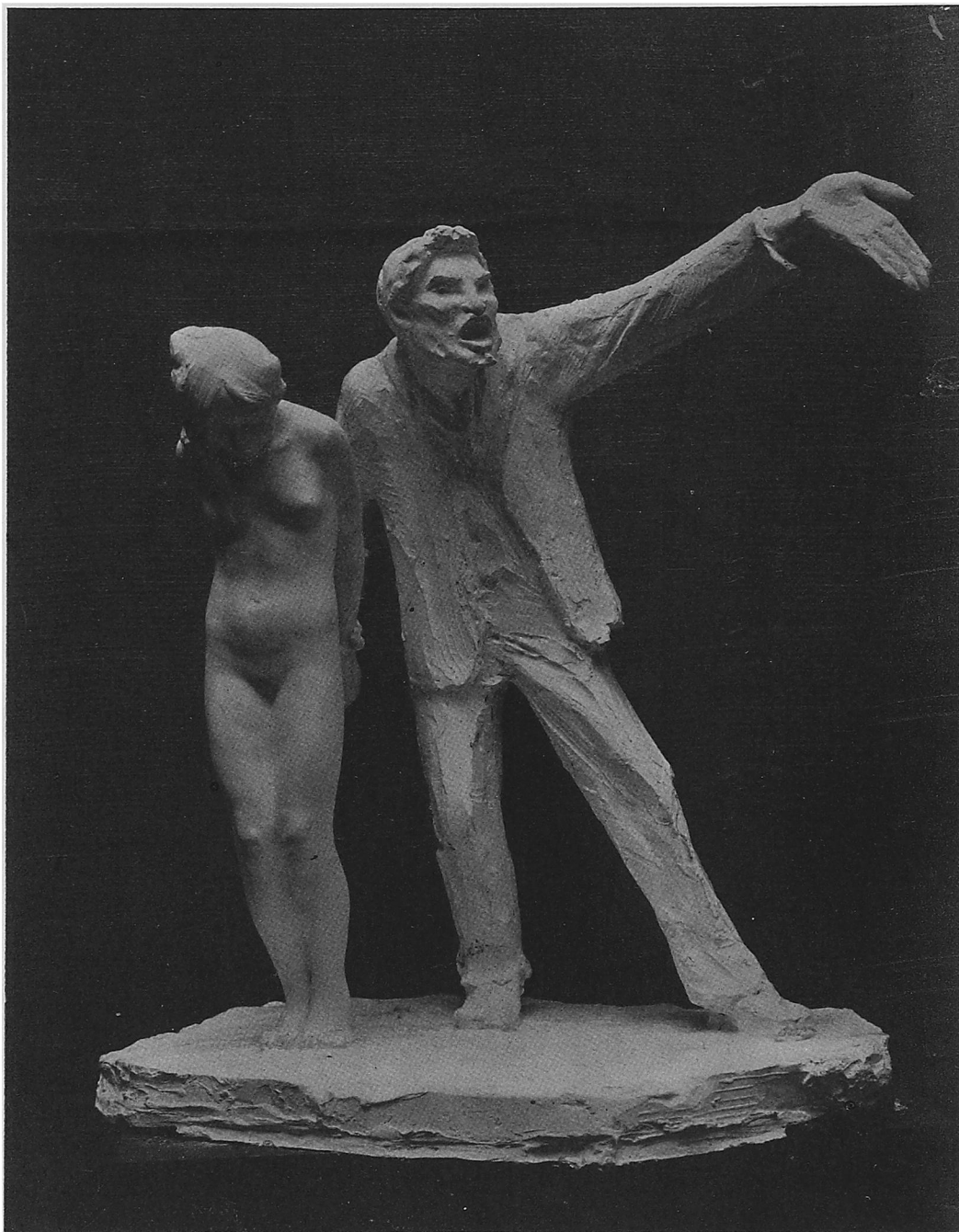
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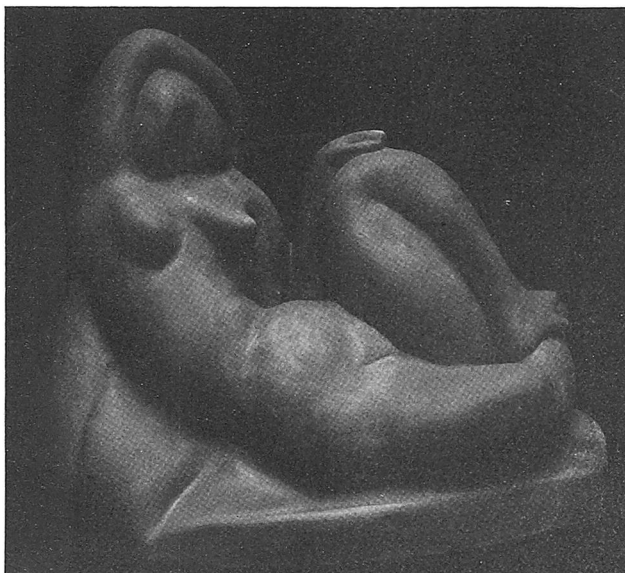


THE WHITE SLAVE

—*Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago*

"Repose"

By
Alexandre
Archipenko



From
Modern
Art
Exhibition

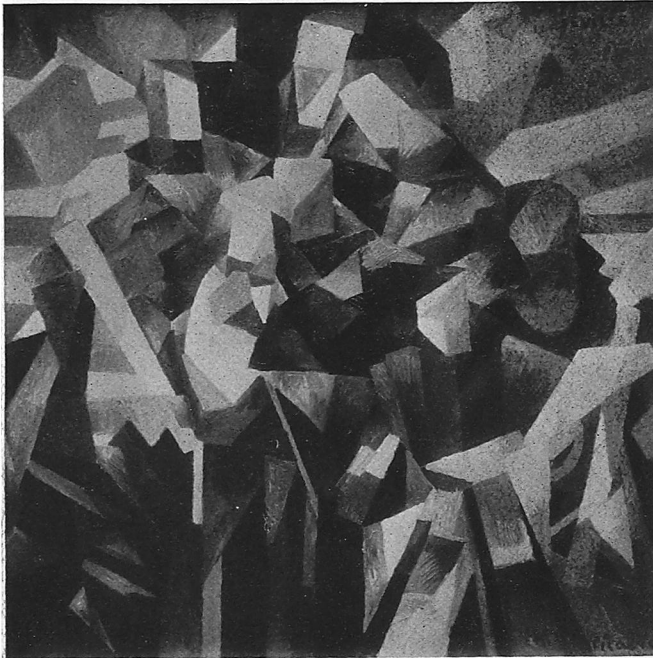
Art In An Unknown Tongue

By JAMES WILLIAM PATTISON

IF we know the language, we comprehend the statement. Language is a succession of abstract sounds. If we know the sounds, we comprehend. Supposing that we are familiar with a foreign language; its words convey to us a meaning, unless they are mispronounced by a peasant who speaks a patois; if so, the sounds convey no meaning. So the Cubists, and other strange painters talk in incomprehensible patois. We must learn their language in order to comprehend their message. I recall a farmer who stood behind my shoulder while I sketched in lead pencil. Suddenly he exclaimed: "Now I see, I could not imagine what you made all those lines for, but I see it at last." The old man was delighted to comprehend lead pencil language, to him a new manner of expression. The faultfinding with the color spottings of Claude Monet, the Impressionist, came of

the unusual language, which conveyed no meaning, until we learned the language of the brush, as he used it.

Picabia, the Cubist, paints something that looks like a pile of coarse coal, called "The Procession, Seville." The blocks of black, intermingled with light spots, and some of dull red, the piled lumps painted on a background of blue rocks, make the picture. All this confusion conveyed no meaning until I happened in a crowded street to face a moving crowd on the sidewalk. Looking at it with halfshut eyes, almost nothing was distinct, but a jumble of light faces, black coats, some points of dull brown, and all these spots in a confused collection always moving, I recalled the confusion of Picabia's coal pile, that is, his "Procession, Seville." Then I began to understand vaguely the language of the Cubists. His panel, "The Dance at the Spring," is like unto it,



THE PROCESSION, SEVILLE —Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago
By Francis Picabia

but in all variations of red—a gayly costumed man and woman in lively movement. Picabia is not such a fool as his work might suggest. After seeing the picture many times, and attaching no meaning to it, suddenly two cubical heads, one of a woman and the other of a man, then the torso and the moving legs revealed themselves plainly. There they were, dancing furiously. Whether this is art or merely a puzzle is a question, but it proves ingenuity on the artist's part even if the result is no better than a pagan puzzle, not worth while for the time spent in solving the riddle. Not so with "The Woman and the Pot of Mustard," which might frighten children. The woman's head is all in pieces. Admitting that the ragged fragments, if glued together carefully, would make a good head, the caved-in face is painful to look at. Is it that she has an overdose of mustard in her mouth? Then she might easily feel the

way she looks; as if her head were bursting open. It may be that this is character painting, and that we should accept it. My master used to say, "Don't be afraid to paint the ugly; it has character." Many a fine painting is worthless because lacking head-splitting mustard, and having no virtues excepting learned painting; and we tire of such. But the mustard woman is exceedingly ugly, so that Picasso outdid himself. By the way, the doctrine that art must be beautiful, is a snare. Art must be individual, forceful and characterful. St. Lawrence frying on the gridiron may be better art than "Love among the Roses." The mustard head cannot be defended any more than this.

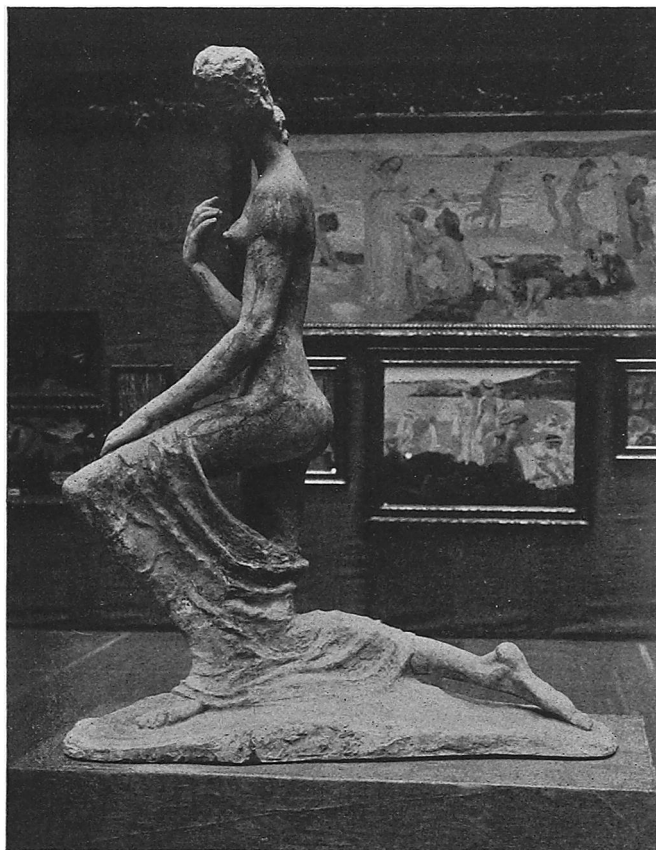
But to study art of another sort, that of Gauguin. He made a hermit of himself in the heathen land of Tahiti, where "only man is vile." There is no prettiness in his pictures. The clumsy natives are not as charming in their semi-nudity, as a Spanish dancer. His coloring is unusual, but it is rich and of full note. A brown woman and a child do not show grace of line, but the color scheme is exceedingly unusual and, if you like it, agreeable. This woman and child stand on orange-colored sand beside a blue sea and next to quietly green trees. This sand, as it fills the foreground, becomes a strong crimson violet. This violet shadow may or may not be literally true, but it is abstract truth; that is, a harmonious truth based on an arbitrary scheme of color. Who dares assert that Gauguin must not paint an original, if fantastic, scheme of color? The entire purpose of the Post-Impressionists is to do something unlike that which has been done before,

and we are bound to respect this purpose.

Next this picture hangs a long, narrow panel with upright figures and upright tree stems. This arrangement of repeating upright lines, of tree trunks and human beings, in formal array from end to end of the canvas, is sufficiently classical, and in accord with long usage in mural painting. The novelty is found in the rich coloring, in the series of warm and cool notes judiciously arranged. It would be very hard to find another such scheme of color. A mural painting must be an arbitrary arrangement of lines and colors, because exact truth has no place in abstract decoration; provided it be scientific and beautiful, or at least not ugly, which this certainly is. The world at large will perhaps never worship this abstraction, but the few who know and feel will always admire Gauguin's genius.

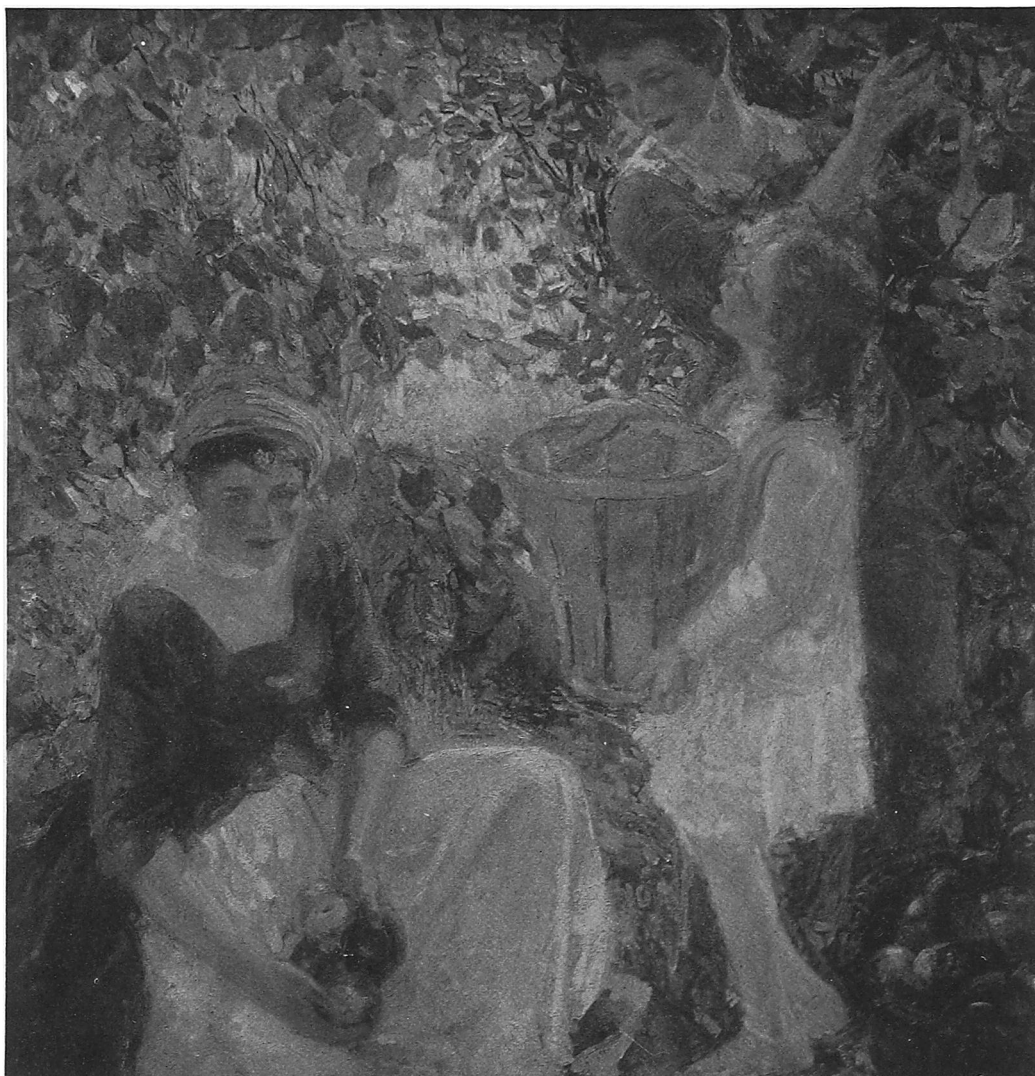
Much studied and wondered over is "Hills at Arles," by Vincent van Gogh, hung in the center of his group of pictures. Visitors are arrested by its novel lines and treatment. Van Gogh's brush language shows us a series of curved lines laid side by side, much as one would see in an etching. He does not paint surfaces but suggests them by means of these multitudinous, flowing lines. In the picture are mountains with excessively broken forms which, when looked at with the eyes wide open and near at hand, mean nothing. But standing at some distance, and slightly shutting the eyes, it is easy to see solid mountain sides very much broken by rock forms. There is a rugged mass of mountain on the right and another on the op-

posite side of the same general character. Between them a little valley from which flows a creek having its source in a line of mountainous hills in the background. In the flat country in front stands a house amid a forest of small trees. The colors are most acceptable, quiet, cool gray and over them a harmonious bluish sky. It seems that no one should be mystified by this and indeed it may be studied out from our illustration. Van Gogh's other pictures are done in like manner and are largely contrasts of agreeable earth color with the pale green of olive trees. They are really thoroughly agreeable in form and color, and the surfaces are correct and as easily understood as any picture by Claude Monet who invented this manner of working.



WOMAN KNEELING
By Wilhelm Lembruck

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



APPLE GATHERERS
By Andersson

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

Close by hang cubic pictures, by Villon, with beautiful coloring. Most parts of "Girl at Piano" are easily understood; some parts unduly confused. There is a crystallized head, with pink cheeks and cool shadows; the whole cut in facets, as a precious stone might be cut. The dress is also in facets, mostly blue with blackish shadows, and this blue slides into green in a regular development, and the bulk is fairly visible amid the tangled confusion. It might be asked

why so many angular facets and why so broken? Because the entire aim of Cubism is to avoid the commonplace painting which has been made obvious to everybody at a first glance. It is a bit of a puzzle, but need floor no one. Also these angular facets can each be painted with pure pigment, thus insuring brilliancy. "A Man on the Balcony," by Cleizes, resembles this cubic work and is not difficult to understand from the head to as far as the knees. Be-

low and on each side there is confusion, though it is quite possible it might be understood if a long time studied.

Quite opposite in style to this Cubism is a pretty normal genre picture by Schumacker, called "The Lady, Maid and Child." These figures are in gay dresses pretty carefully made, though the faces are greatly generalized. On the floor in front of them there is ample space for a square floor rug of unusual color. The general tone of the rug is orange, around which is a narrow blue border. The center of the rug is a spot of wonderful green. In the color lies the motive and it is very unusual and very good. Its originality is beyond dispute and its exquisite brilliancy and tenderness are rarely equaled. There is no truth in the frequently reiterated remark:

"It is all as rotten as possible." With a careful survey many more than half the pictures are interesting, not hard to make out, while notable for their originality. There are works intended to be puzzles, but they are not so very numerous.

Among the puzzles much talked about is the "Nude Descending a Staircase," by Duchamps. It is not at all impossible to find the figure. The material of the picture looks like a great slide of pieces of plank which fall into confusion. After much study it is possible to discover, in the right hand edge, a head and chest with a bent arm and, below, pieces of plank which take the position of one extended and one bent leg, as if in the attitude of descending the stairs. This supposititious figure is about as high as the lumber slide. Did the artist in-



WEEDS AND WILLOW TREES
By Ernest Lawson

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



RED MADRAS
By Henri Matisse

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

tend to suggest that it was bringing down the stairs? There are no colors in this picture, everything being agreeably monotonous. A great many people are able to comprehend this picture. However, I have yet to find anyone who has discovered, in the picture "King and Queen surrounded by Nudes," which of the forms might represent the king, queen, or the nudes. In justice these are not pictures at all but puzzles painted in oils, nor do we understand why they should be called "Art."

It is quite possible that a picture by Taylor of New York, a group of nudes on a sober green slope, has no right to claim our attention. It is done much in the style of Puvis de Chavannes, only not as well composed, nor is it in any sense Impressionistic Art. This is one of the cases where "pretty

good" has no claims upon our admiration. A decorative panel with a girl on either side, in the plainest of garments, a frieze of roses around the top and a line of the same sort at the base has nothing peculiar about it. The flat tones might easily be Japanese, though the faces are European. One sees no particular occasion for a display of this kind, although it is pretty well done.

A sculpture showing a standing nude woman mourning over the prostrate body of a dead man, is tender, full of sentiment and executed in exactly the manner of some thousands of similar statues. The only eccentricity here lies in the fact that the one figure is upright and the other horizontal, which brings them at right angles to each other. Of course it is entirely unclassical, because the lines do not flow together gracefully.

It looks as though it were a contradiction of the classical, made for the sake of being contradictory. Possibly it gains force in this way.

When it comes to the question of real eccentricity, the sculptured head of Miss Pogany is certainly suggestive in the extreme. It is said that she was a stage beauty with extraordinary eyes, which she used skillfully. The head is ovaloid and has almost no features but extravagantly big eyes. We all know that the human head is egg-shaped but has distinct individualities. A head is largest at the top and behind the ears, and the point is at the chin. This form has none of these individualities. If the eyes are expressive, the poor little ears should indicate hardheartedness. The insignificant mouth is worth but

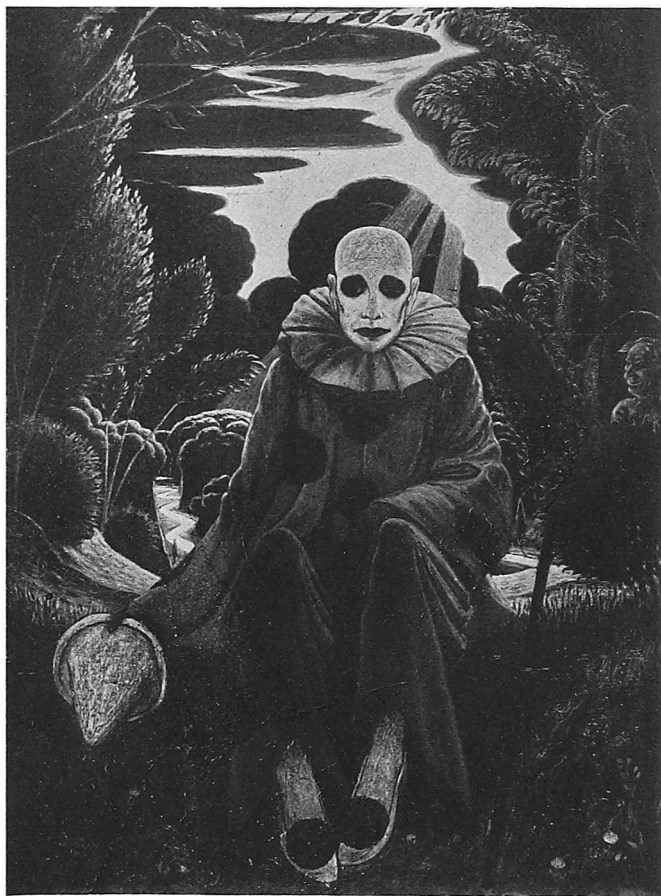
little, but abundantly large to speak any ideas that could find lodgment in such a small cranium. Probably Miss Pogany's eyes are her principal stock in trade. She leans her cheek on her long, slim hands, that is, provided we conclude that they are hands.

Why Lembruck, in designing his sculpture of "Woman Kneeling," should have made his figure so excessively elongated, or what he would lead us to understand by its lank slenderness, is more than we can determine. The figure can be seen in our illustration and has certainly a character of its own. Every artifice has been used to make the figure very long indeed. Some have claimed that the right leg from the knee to the heel is much too long. Measurement will prove that the proportions are sufficiently correct, that it is the outstretched foot which sets the eye to galloping so that it can't stop. The skill in managing the lines and increasing the effect of the length, is decidedly of a high order. In fact we can't quite help liking this peculiar figure, which is life-size.

There has come from New York City a picture, "The Clown," by M. Manigault, which is sufficiently original and striking, if not in any way beautiful. It is all done in flat tints. Hard edged, horizontal clouds stretch their forms, of dark neutral blue, across the warm, bright sky, behind the figure of a clown in a chalky masque of a death's head. The masque has clear red lips, and two black holes where the eyes should be. Examined close at hand the clown's actual eyes may be seen deep down in the

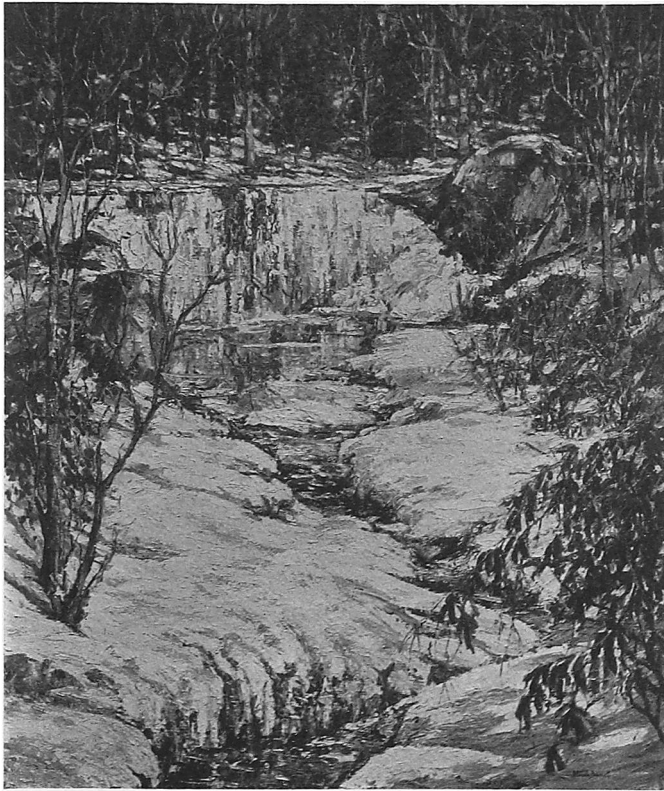
dark. Of course it is a ghastly staring face. The treatment is not unsuited to a wall panel. Its ghastliness of face and good color are the leading features.

The much talked of, and written about, painter, Matisse, does not make a very pleasant impression. The red madras suit and hat makes an interesting note, but the face is so ill drawn that it is difficult to overcome one's repugnance. Of course it is a protest against all highly finished work; a rather offensive protest. The other pictures by Matisse, hung on the same wall, also are not reassuring; altogether they make fifteen spots of genuine ugliness. Two of them are life-size nudes, one crouching on the ground and the other having her



THE CLOWN
By M. Manigault

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



THE EMERALD POOL
By D. Putnam Brinley

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

toilet arranged, and both of them excessively unfortunate in drawing and worse in color. We do not altogether understand why Matisse deserves so much attention. The other, more known artist, Cézanne, is very much better. His "Woman with the Rosary" seems pretty normal, though sufficiently unlike any academical work. It has a right to be listed with the best Post-Impressionist work. She has a very red face, clumsy hands, and figure recalling the character of a peasant, who absentmindedly is counting her beads. The woman has a distinctly characteristic face, without a suspicion of beauty, not offensive, but very human and sympathetic. Two portraits of Cézanne himself show a lump of a man who, after all, has character. In one of these portraits the artist wears a very much abused felt hat which somebody has

sprinkled with plaster. Our ideas of an artist's refined and highly intelligent face are badly contradicted by these portraits. It is a distinct protest against the work of the popular society painter. Cézanne seems to be one of those who would scorn to wear a dress coat, and prides himself in being rough and ready. This pride in rudeness seems to be one of the elements of character of which your revolutionists are built. Both Cézanne and Matisse protested vigorously against the conventionalities. Possibly we need a little more of the same sort of influence.

But what are we to say to the sculpture of Archipenko? There is a quarter-sized nude of a woman curled up into a knot. She is much over-fleshed, her pose makes a tortured twist, her too-small head tucked under her arm.

The features are difficult to find, being merely hinted at. Also she has lost entirely her fingers and toes. Either they are rudimentary or eaten off by disease. Perhaps there is nothing uglier in the whole exhibition than this over-fat figure with the little head. It is original, and a protest, but we pay pretty dearly in spending our time to study it.

Among our illustrations is a sculpture called "The White Slave," a graceful nude girl who stands modestly and resignedly, while a yelling auctioneer bawls out, "How much am I offered?" The one figure is very quiet, the other very excited. The nude woman is highly finished and the man suggested with a few rude strokes. The handling is in keeping with the character of each individual. This statue is pure impressionism but based on a suggestion of

truth. Entirely contrasting with this is "Resignation," a distinctly individual man, with hollow cheeks and an air of want of rest, dressed in some sort of loose gown, with a big and simply knotted cravat at his throat, reminding one of some clergyman of the very old school. He sits in a strangely shaped chair and looks about inquiringly. The entire group is intensely original and the lines are interesting. Though good and sane, it is extraordinarily unusual.

With refined fancy and original color Odilon Redon has given to his works great attractiveness. Being easy to understand, these appeal to the foolish as well as to the wise. "Apollo in His Chariot" is drawn through space by a team of pale horses. At the base of the canvas there appears the crest of a rugged mountain top from which the chariot has been launched into the sky. Nearby a neighboring peak floats quietly in the sky. There is absence of materialism here; in the classical painting there is a leaning toward actualities. In that school a chariot is supposed to have something to run on, hence solid clouds, well rounded, which in some strange way seem to be strong enough to hold themselves and the chariot in place. Of course there was no sense in that arrangement and Redon's chariot being dragged through space without support is fully as true as if it traveled on clouds. The sky in which this chariot floats is not made out as to its parts, but is reduced to a series of simple tones in a beautiful gray, and very remarkable colors they

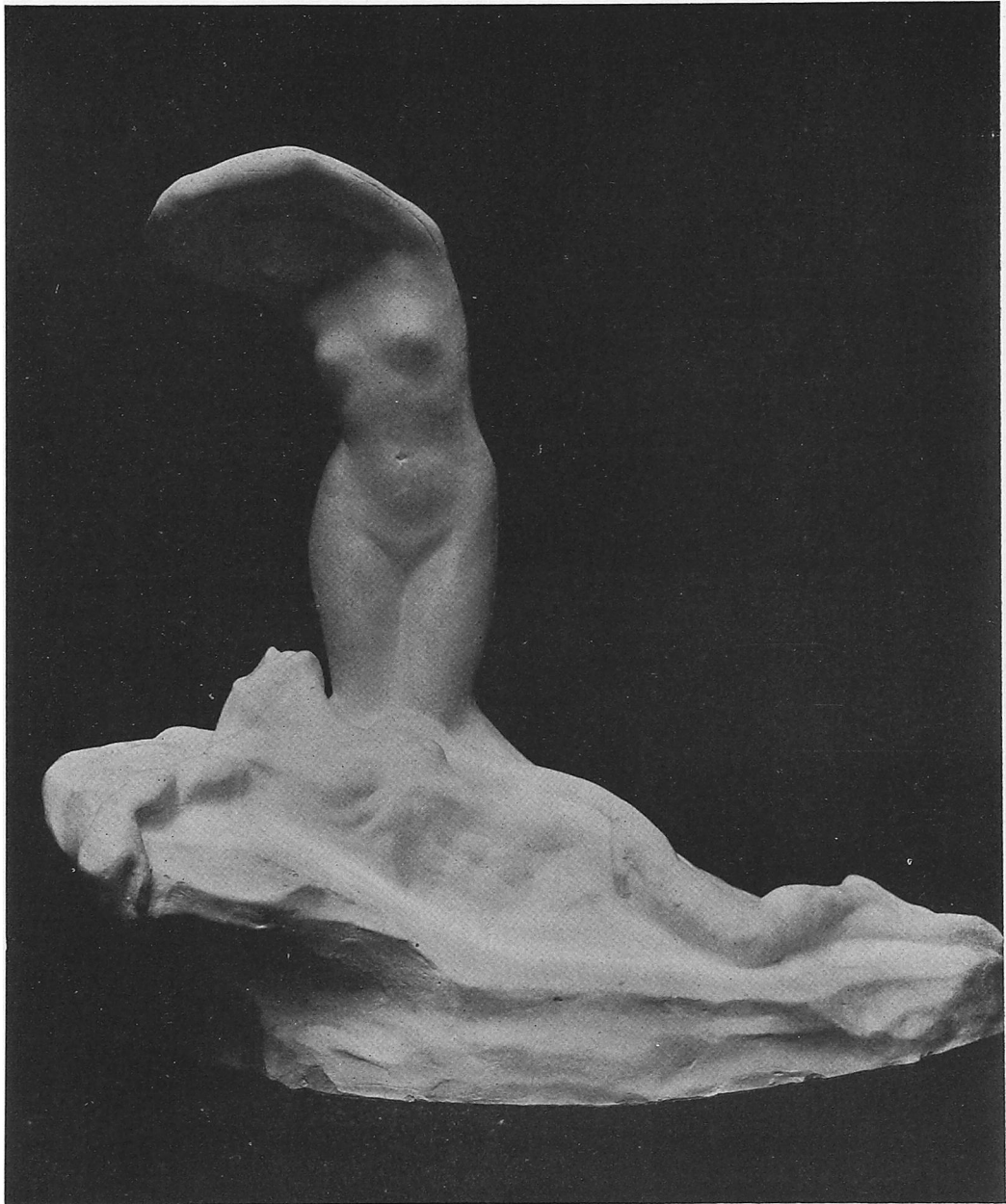
are, new tints, very refined in character.

By the same artist is "Pegasus on a Rock," a rearing gray horse, with suggestions of wings, forming a monumental object on the tip top of a mountain. The gray horse works in a cool note on the peculiarly blue sky, the mountain is warm in color and grows richer toward the wide spreading base, where the slope is entirely covered with a great array of blossoming plants, mostly in gay reds. This purely fanciful picture, a collection of impossibilities, would suit well as a wall painting and it really is remarkably attractive. All of Redon's thirty-six canvases are thus peculiarly colored, and on them he pays but moderate attention to the third dimen-



GIRL AT THE PIANO
By Jacques Villon

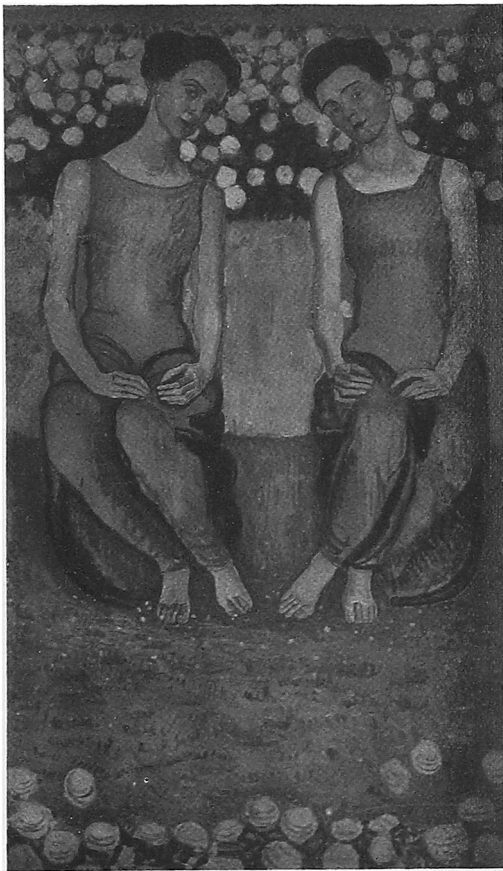
—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago



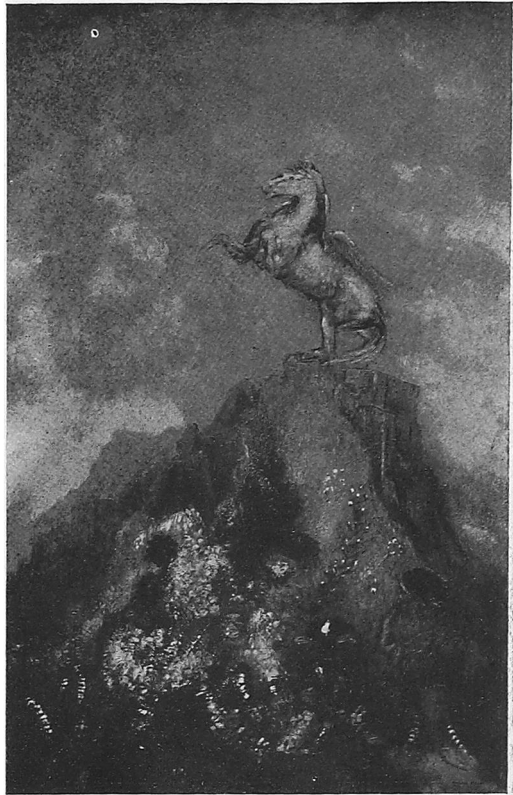
MOURNING HER DEAD

—*Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago*

sion, displaying his figures with flat tones. This is genuine Post-Impressionism, entirely sensible and highly suggestive. By contrast, we have a picture by Alfred Maurer, an American living abroad. A hillside is covered with spots of various colors, as earth or plant life, which are gay but do not seem to be in proper value. In the midst of this stands a tree, possibly a slender cedar, the top of which is in pure dark blue and the base a very rank green. Why Maurer should paint a picture like that, when he has presented us with so many rich toned night pictures, with a series of electrical lights all in exactly correct values, with well drawn promenaders or with people sitting at café tables, or a room full of well drawn dancers, all in richness of



SACRED HOUR —Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago
By Ferdinand Hodler



PEGASUS ON A ROCK

By Odilon Redon

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

tone and unity, is very hard to understand. There is a picture of a seaport called "Honfleur," which shows us a ship beside a wharf, all done in dots of pure color and permeated by light and brilliancy, which would seem to be the proper treatment of a hillside like that of Maurer's.

Turning aside from all these extravagances and puzzles, and entering the gallery set apart for Impressionistic pictures by American painters, we find uncommonly attractive works; attractive because of noble color and bold brush work and understandable treatment. A few years ago many critics would have condemned these as too sketchy and rude. But we are so advanced in taste and knowledge that these paintings seem very normal and true.

"The Emerald Pool," by D. Putnam Brinley, of New York, a canvas of some-



MAN ON THE BALCONY

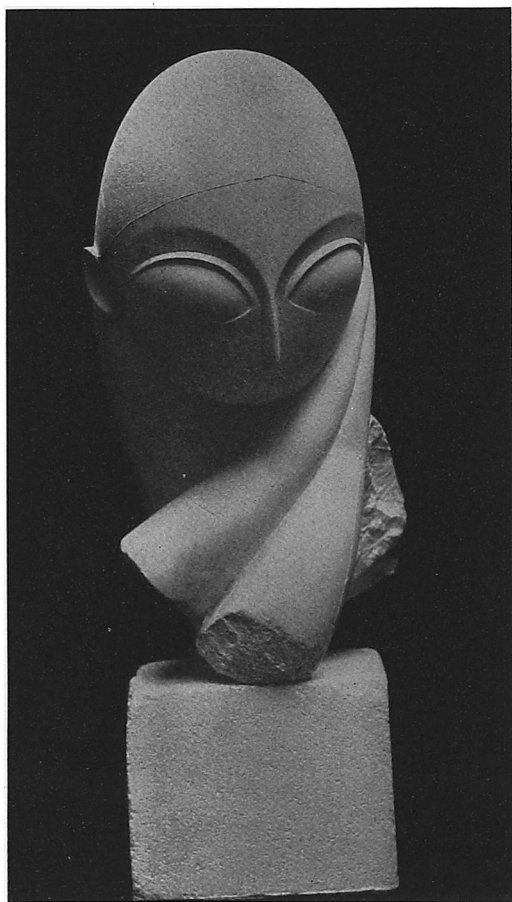
By Albert Gleizes

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

size, is a snow scene. The ruggedly painted surface was found in a rough country. A streamlet falls over a steep ledge into an intensely green pool in the snow, and from this meanders a narrow channel toward the foreground, in bluish tints. The warm notes are found in many passages of dry herbage. There is power in the picture and beauty, although it is Impressionistic. By Ernest Lawson, New York, whom gallery visitors know well, is another pretty large canvas called "Weeds and Willow Tree" and this is still more roughly painted, though plain to read. The old crooked trees with a network of branches partly conceal a gray house. There is also a red house sitting next some green touches and furnishing story to the landscape. The red

of the house is carried all through the picture by dry grasses and leaves. It makes no effort to be Impressionistic because it comes so near being naturalistic.

On the west bank of the Hudson River, north of Hoboken and close to the Forty-second street ferry, is the terminal of the West Shore Railway, with winding tracks following the contour of the palisades, and the view across the north river to New York City, is perfectly easily understood. It is in no sense Impressionistic, but a strong, simple statement of facts. Leon Kroll of New York is the painter. This room is full of such pictures, easily understood and delightfully painted. Of course they approach the style called Impressionism, and are an



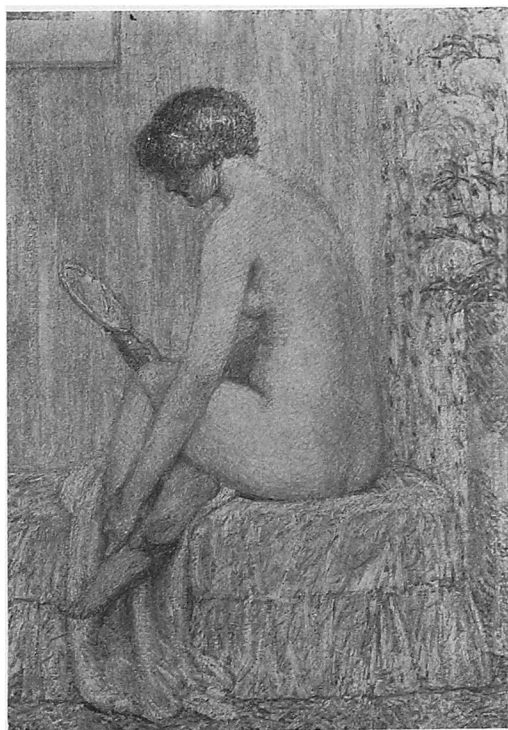
MISS POGANY —Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago
By Mlle. Constantine Brancusi

honor to American Art. Robert W. Chandler has an inventive mind, which is manifest in the designing of eight strange screens. Usually these are decorated with colorful objects painted with a flat touch on black backgrounds. There is a porcupine screen. These creatures, like pinballs, traced out on a black surface, are accompanied by pine trees as spiny as the bristling porcupine. Another screen has a clever treatment of waves rushing in and embracing each other, while many sorts of realistic fish are actively sporting amid the breakers. Though this could not be an actuality, it is admirably decorative.

Not being able to do justice to this collection of four hundred and fifty-three examples of the new art, recently on exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago, I have tried to give an idea of its character, its endless variety, its impression of force and its genuine seriousness. Some of these men are taking their lives in their hands in order to present this new art, and if some are, as accused, humbugs, the number is not large. It has been said that these painters are the off-scourings of the art community, those that could not learn to paint properly and therefore fell back upon these rude daubs in order to save their faces. But we know that some of them can paint well, and change their style to follow the dictates of their consciences.

The momentous question is how serious are the Post-Impressionists, Cubists and others? Is it Art, or are they humbugging us? How much are they willing to suffer for the privilege of continuously presenting themselves to the world as reformers or revolutionists? Are they actually in earnest, and do they sincerely believe in themselves?

It must be admitted that their opponents are multitudinous, that but few professional artists or art critics accept them. But let us not be influenced by the learned or skillful, who know all about art, but are human. Love and Logic seldom make comrades. Kissing goes by favor, not by reason. An



NUDE WOMAN WITH MIRROR

By Childe Hassam

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

artist is like a Christian; blinded by his love. The loving Christian is willing to suffer; the artist fears not death because of love of his art. How then can he see his cherished art abused by revolutionists, without rising in his wrath and attempting to slaughter the innovators, who refuse to train with a respectable and well regulated army, to which he belongs, body and soul? So then the opinions of the regulars do not count; their opinions are but the expression of their love.

Certain serious people have reserved their opinions, because the early Impressionists were abused, but gradually came into great favor. They feel that this movement may develop in the same manner. Others make sport of this point of view, saying, "It does not follow." But perhaps it does follow. Let us look into this. Not to go back earlier than the great David, whose well-regulated art upset the romantic art of Wat-



NUDE WOMEN IN A MEADOW
By W. N. Taylor

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago

teau and his following, until he controlled the academy and the national patronage, we will commence with Delacroix, who rebelled against this tyranny, and insisted on painting in "vulgar" colors and drawing carelessly. As the war went on, Courbet rose up; a shockingly vulgar painter. So the well-regulated aristocrats and frosty painters howled harder than ever, trying to down the dirty peasant. The truth is, Courbet was actually very vulgar indeed, as bad as

the Post-Impressionists. But his art won its place and created a new school.

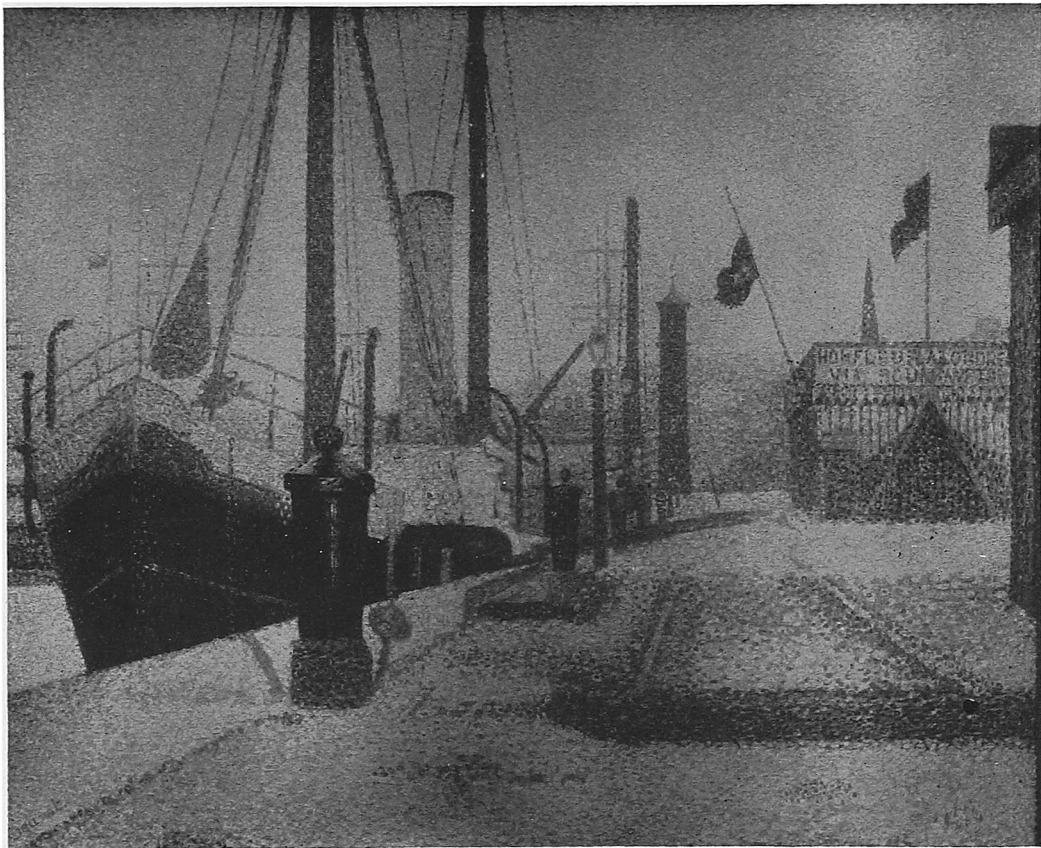
While Cabanel and Gérôme were polishing their regulated art, came Manet and Monet to be blamed and badgered; but to win. The very words of contempt and abuse thrown at them, are now doing service to bombard this new movement. Think of the intense disgust of a man in love with polished Cabanel as he looked at the brilliant truths of Edouard Manet expressed in

rude brushwork, or the glistening speckledness of Claude Monet, not polished at all, not even scientifically composed or well drawn. But who won the victory, the classicists or the free lance?

Now we again hear of the opponents of the new movement saying, "But why should we imagine that because these mentioned came to, and remained in, glory, that the same history will repeat itself today? Is there any proof of the permanency of this, because it was true of that?" Logically, yes. And I am now prepared to assert that the new impulse is destined to continue. Exactly what form this influence will assume, it is too soon to determine, but there exists a new movement that may not be overlooked. Many of the new men are honest, even if there be some charlatans. The

wide manifestation of interest, the repeated visits to the exhibition of intelligent people, proved that there is something vital there.

In speaking of "The Dance at the Spring," that heap of red cubes that Picabia painted, it is declared that the man and woman dancing together can be plainly discovered. "Yes," replied a bystander, "they are to be found; but that is judging of it by its material facts." "It is not an attempt to present the appearance of an actuality, not how it looks, but how it makes you feel." As if the artist sought only to paint a feeling or a sensation. But is that a possibility? As said earlier in this article, can a man speak in an unknown tongue, describe a feeling or paint one?



HONFLEUR
By Georges Seurat

—Courtesy Art Institute, Chicago